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Inſtruction with Delight.

A LITTLE PRETTY

POCKET-BOOK,

Intended for the

INSTRUCTION and AMUSEMENT

OF

Little Maſter *TOMMY* and pretty Miſs *POLLY.*

With Two LETTERS from

JACK the *GIANT-KILLER;*

AS ALSO

A BALL and PINCUSHION,

The Uſe of which will infallibly make TOMMY a good Boy, and POLLY a good Girl.

To which is added,

A LITTLE SONG-BOOK,

BEING

A New ATTEMPT to teach Children the Uſe of the Engliſh Alphabet, by Way of Diverſion.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by JOHN MARSALL, at No. 4. *Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow-lane, Cheapſide.*

+ Ch. 770 / 52

H. B. Claude

A LITTLE PRETTY POCKET-BOOK, &c.

THE grand deſign in the nurture of children is to make them *ſtrong*, *hardy*, *healthy*, *virtuous*, *wiſe*, and *happy*; and theſe good purpoſes are not to be obtained without ſome care and management in their infancy.

Would you have your child *ſtrong*, take care of your nurſe, let her be a prudent woman, one who will give him what meat and drink is neceſſary, and ſuch only as affords a good nutriment, not ſalt meat, rich tarts, ſauces, wine, &c. a practice too common amongſt ſome indulgent people. She muſt alſo let the child have due exerciſe; for it is that gives life and ſpirits, circulates the blood, ſtrengthens the ſinews, and keeps the whole machinery in order.

Would you have a *hardy* child, give him common diet only, clothe him thin, let him have good exercise, and be as much exposed to hardships as his natural constitution will admit. The face of a child, when it comes into the world, (says the great Mr. *Locke*) is as tender and susceptible of injuries as any other part of the body; yet, by being always exposed, it becomes proof against the severest season and the most inclement weather; even at a time when the body (though wrapped in flannels) is pierced with cold. It is beside my purpose to give a physical reason for this; nor indeed will the brevity of my design admit of it. It is a fact sufficiently known, what every man must be sensible of, and therefore can need no demonstration.

Would you have a *healthy* son, observe the directions already laid down with regard to diet and exercise, and keep him as much as pos-

ſible, from phyſic; for phyſic is to the body, as arms to the ſtate; both are neceſſary but neither to be uſed but in caſes of emergency and danger.

Would you have a *virtuous* ſon? inſtil into him the principles of morality early, and encourage him in the practice of thoſe excellent rules by which whole ſocieties, ſtates, kingdoms, and empires are knit together. Take heed what company you entruſt him with, and be always ſure you ſet him a good example yourſelf.

Would you have a *wiſe* ſon, teach him to reaſon early. Let him read, and make him underſtand what he reads. No ſentence ſhould be paſſed over without a ſtrict examination of the truth of it; and though this may be thought hard at firſt, and ſeem to retard the boy in his progreſs, yet a little practice will make it familiar, and the method of reaſoning will be acquired, which will be of uſe to

him all his life after. Let him ſtudy mankind; ſhew him the ſprings and hinges on which they move; teach him to draw conſequences from the actions of others; and if he ſhould heſitate or miſtake, you are to ſet him right: But then take take to do it in ſuch a manner as to forward his inquiries, and pave this his grand purſuit with pleaſure. Was this method of reaſoning put more in practice by tutors, parents, &c. we ſhould not ſee ſo many diſmal objects in the world, for people would learn by the misfortunes of others to avert their own.

I donbt not but every parent, every father and mother, would gladly contribute what they could towards the happineſs of their children; and yet it is ſurpriſing to ſee how blind they are, and how wide they miſtake the mark. What the indulgent parent generally purpoſes for the happineſs of his child, is a good fortune

to bear him up under the calamities of life; but daily experience tells us this is insufficient. Happiness and misery have their source from the passions: if, in the midst of affluence, we are always repining, and think ourselves poor and miserable, we are so; and the beggar in the straw, who is content, and thinks he has sufficient, is rich and happy. The whole matter subsists in the mind and the constitution: subdue therefore your children's passions; curb their tempers, and make them subservient to the rules of reason. And this is not to be done by chiding, whipping, or severe treatment, but by reasoning and mild discipline. Were I to see my son too much ruffled and discomposed, I should take him aside, and point out to him the evils that attend passionate men; tell him, that my love for him would make me overlook many faults, but that this was so

heinous a nature, I could not bear the ſight of him while he continued ſo wicked; that he ſhould not ſee his mother, nor any of his playmates, till he had ſufficiently repented of that crime: Upon which I would immediately order him (in a very calm manner) to be ſhut up from any company for five or ſix hours, and then, upon his confeſſion of the fault, aſking pardon on his knees, and promiſing amendment for the future, I would forgive him. This method regularly purſued, would ſoon break his paſſion of reſentment, and ſubdue it to reaſon. The next prndent ſtep to be taken is to check his inordinate craving and deſiring almoſt every thing he ſees; and this I think might be as eaſily effected as the other; for in the firſt place I would lay down this as a maxim with him, that he never ſhould have any thing he cried for; and therefore, if he was willing to obtain any favour, he muſt come with

ſome reaſonable requeſt, and with-drawn without the appearance of any uneaſineſs in caſe of diſappointment.

Some over-fond people will think theſe are harſh precepts. What, ſay they, are children never to be obliged? I anſwer, Yes, I would have them obliged and pleaſed, but not humoured and ſpoiled. They ſhould have what they aſked for in a proper manner; but then they ſhould wait my time, without ſeeming over ſolicitous, or crying after it. I would make them exerciſe their patience, that they might know the uſe of it, when the cares of the world came on. And therefore I ſay again, children ſhould never have any thing they cried for: no, not on any conſideration whatever.

Children, *like tender* oſiers, *take the bow,*
And as they firſt are faſhion'd always grow.
DRYDEN.

'Tis Education *forms the tender* Mind;
Juſt as the Twig *is bent, the* Tree's *in-*
clin'd. POPE.

A LETTER *from* JACK *the* GIANT-KILLER, *to little Maſter* TOMMY.

My dear TOMMY,

YOUR nurſe called upon me to-day and told me that you was a good boy; that you was dutiful to your father and mother, and that, when you have ſaid your prayers in the morning and the evening, you aſked their bleſſing, and in the day-time did every thing they bid you. She ſays you are obedient to your Maſter, loving and kind to your play-fellows, obliging to every body; that you riſe early in the morning, keep yourſelf clean, and learn your book, that when you have done a fault you confeſs it, and are ſorry for it. And though you are ſometimes naughty, ſhe ſays you are honeſt and good-humoured; that you don't ſwear, tell lies, nor ſay indecent words, and are always thankful when any body gives

you good advice; that you never quarrel, or do wicked things, as ſome other boys do.

This character, my dear, has made every body love you; and while you continue ſo good, you may depend on my obliging you with every thing I can. I have here ſent you a *little pretty pocket-book*, which will teach you to play at all thoſe innocent games that good boys and girls divert themſelves with: and while you behave ſo well, you ſhall never want play, I have alſo ſent a *ball*, the one ſide of which is *red*, the other *black*, and with it *ten pins*; and I muſt inſiſt upon making this bargain, that your nurſe may hang up the ball by the ſtring to it, and for every good action you do, a *pin* ſhall be ſtuck on the *red ſide*, and for every bad action the *pin* ſhall be ſtuck on the *black ſide*. And when by doing good and pretty things you have got all the *ten pins* on the

red ſide, then I'll ſend you a *penny*, and ſo I will as often as all the *pins* ſhall be fairly got on that ſide. But if ever the *pnis* be all found on the *black ſide* of the *ball*, than I'll ſend a *rod*, and you ſhall be whipt, as often as they are found there. But this, my dear, I hope you'll prevent by continuing a good boy, that every body may ſtill love you, as well as

Your friend,

JACK *the* GIANT KILLER.

P. S. When you are tired with playing, I have added, for yonr further amuſement, a Collection of pretty Songs, which your nurſe will take care to teach you; and I muſt inſiſt upon your getting them perfectly, becauſe the knowledge of theſe Songs will recommend you to the favour of all the gentlemen and ladies of *England* who ſing in that manner.

A LETTER *from* JACK *the* GIANT-KILLER, *to pretty Miſs* POLLY.

DEAR Miſs POLLY,

YOUR nurſe called upon me to-day and told me that you was a good girl; that you was dutiful to your father and mother, and that, when you had ſaid your prayers in the morning and evening you aſked their bleſſings, and in the day-time did every thing they bid you. She ſays, you are obedient to your miſtreſs, loving and kind to your play-fellows, and obliging to every body; that you riſe early in the morning, keep yourſelf clean, and learn your book; that when you have done a fault you confeſs, and are ſorry for it. And tho' you are ſometimes naughty, ſhe ſays you are very honeſt and good-humoured; that you do not tell lies, nor ſay indecent words, and are always thankful when any body gives

you good advice; that you never quarrel, nor do wicked things, as ſome other girls do.

This character, my dear, has made every body love you; and, while you continue ſo good, you may depend on my obliging you with every thing I can. I have here ſent you a *little pretty pocket-book*, which will teach you to play at all thoſe innocent games that good boys and girls divert themſelves with: and while you behave ſo well, you ſhall never want play, I aſſure you. But, then, my dear *Polly*, in order that you may be as good as poſſible, I have ſent you a *pincuſhion*, the one ſide of which is *red*, and the other *black*, and with it *ten pins*; and I muſt inſiſt upon making this bargain, that your nurſe may hang up the *pincuſhion* by the ſtring to it, and for every good action you do, a *pin* ſhall be ſtuck on the *red ſide*, and for every bad action a *pin ſhall* be ſtuck on the *black ſide*.

And when by doing good and pretty things you have got all the *ten pins* on the *red ſide*, then I'll ſend you a *penny*, and ſo I will as often as all the *pins* ſhall be fairly got on that ſide. But if ever the *pins* be all found on the *black ſide* of the *pincuſhion* then I'll ſend a *rod*, and you ſhall be whipt as often as they are found there. But this, my dear, I hope you'll prevent by continuing a good girl, that every body may ſtill love you, as well as *Your friend*,

JACK *the* GIANT KILLER.

P. S. When you are tired with playing, I have added, for your further Amuſement, a Collecton of pretty Songs, which your nurſe will take care to teach you; and I muſt inſiſt on your getting them perfectly, becauſe the knowledge of theſe Songs will recommend you to the favour of all the gentlemen and ladies of *England* who ſing in this manner.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A worthy learned gentleman, whoſe preſence I am at this time honoured with intimates, that it would not be amiſs for ſome gentleman to keep a *ball*, contrived in this manner, and ſome ladies a *pincuſhion*, by way of diary, eſpecially if they are often apt to forget themſelves.

CHUCK-FARTHING.

AS you value your pence,
At the *hole* take your aim,
Chuck all safely in,
And you'll win the game.

MORAL.

Chuck-farthing, like trade,
Requires great care;
The more you obſerve,
The better you'll fare.

Flying the KITE.

UPHELD in air, the gaudy kite,
High as an eagle takes her flight;
But if the winds their breath reſtrain,
She tumbles headlong down again.

RULE *of* LIFE.

Soon as thou ſeeſt the dawn of day,
To God thy adoration pay.

Dancing round the MAY-POLE.

WITH garlands here the May-pole crown'd,
And all the ſwains a dancing round,
Compoſe a num'rous jovial ring,
To welcome in the cheerful ſpring.

RULE *of* LIFE.

Leave God to manage, and to grant,
That which his wiſdom ſees thee want.

TAW.

KNUCKLE down to your *taw*,
Aim well, ſhoot away:
Keep out of the *ring*,
And you'll ſoon learn to play.

MORAL.

Time rolls like a *Marble*,
And awes every ſtate:
Then huſband each moment
Before 'tis too late.

HOOP *and* HIDE.

GO hide out, and hoop,
While I go to ſleep:
If you I can't find,
My poſt I muſt keep.

MORAL.

With carefulneſs watch
Each moment that flies,
To keep peace at home,
And ward off ſurprize.

THREAD *the* NEEDLE.

HERE hand in hand the boys unite,
And form a very pleaſant ſight;
Then thro' each other's arms they fly,
As thread does thro' the needle's eye.

RULE *of* LIFE.

Talk not too much; ſit down content,
That your diſcourſe be pertinent.

FISHING.

FISHING,

THE artful angler baits his hook,
And throws it gently in the brook;
Which the fish view with greedy eyes
And soon are taken by surprize.

RULE *of* LIFE.

Learn well the motions of the mind;
Why you are made, for what design'd.

BLINDMAN'S-BUFF.

BEREFT of all light,
I ſtumble alone;
But, if I catch you,
My doom is your own.

MORAL.

How blind is that man,
Who ſcorns the advice
Of friends, who intend
To make him more wiſe.

SHUTTLE-

SHUTTLE-COCK.

THE *Shuttle-Cock* ſtruck
Does backward rebound;
But, if it be miſs'd,
It falls to the ground.

MORAL.

Thus chequer'd in life,
As fortune does flow;
Her ſmiles lift us high,
Her frowns ſink us low.

KING I AM.

AMBITION here fires every heart,
And all aſſume the Monarch's part;
For a few minutes, tho' in play,
Each rules with arbitrary ſway.

RULE *of* LIFE.

Deſcend into thyſelf, to find
The imperfections of thy mind.

PEG.

PEG. FARTHING.

SOON as the ring is once compos'd
The coin is in the center clos'd;
And then the wiſhed-for prize to win,
The top that drives it out muſt ſpin.

RULE *of* LIFE.

Be ſilent if you doubt your ſenſe,
And always ſpeak with diffidence.

KNOCK OUT and SPAN.

STRIKE out your *Taw* ſtrong;
For the very next man,
Will bear off the prize,
If you come to a *Span.*

MORAL.

The *Span*, my dear boy,
Should your monitor be;
'Tis the leſſon of life,
As we oftentimes ſee.

HOP, STEP, *and* JUMP.

HOP ſhort and *Step* ſafe,
To make your *Jump* long;
This art oft has beat
Th' efforts of a ſtrong.

MORAL.

The old maxim take,
T' embelliſh your book:
Think well ere you talk,
And, ere you leap, look.

BOYS *and* GIRLS *come out to play.*

AFTER a ſultry ſummer's day,
When the moon ſhines and ſtars are gay;
The nymphs and ſwains well pleas'd advance,
And ſpend the evening in a dance.

RULE *of* LIFE.

Reflect to-day upon the laſt,
And freely own thy errors paſt.

I ſent

I ſent a LETTER *to my* LOVE.

THE lads and laſſes here are ſeen,
All gaily tripping o'er the green;
But one among them to her coſt,
The treaſure of her heart has loſt.

RULE *of* LIFE.

If proſperous, of pride beware:
Changes of fortune frequent are;

PITCH *and* HUSSEL.

POSE your hand fairly,
And pitch plum your ſlat;
Then ſhake for all heads,
And turn down the hat.

MORAL.

How fickle's the game!
So fortune or fate,
Decrees our repentance,
When oft 'tis too late.

CRICKET.

THIS leſſon obſerve,
When you play at *cricket*,
Catch *all* fairly out,
Or bowl down the *wicket*.

MORAL.

This maxim regard,
Now you're in your prime;
Look ere 'tis too late:
By the forelock take *time*.

STOOL-BALL.

THE *ball* once ſtruck with art and care,
And drove impetuous thro' the air,
Swift round his courſe the *gamſter* flies,
Or his *ſtool*'s taken by ſurprize.

RULE *of* LIFE.

Beſtow your alms whene'er you ſee
An object in neceſſity.

SWIM-

SWIMMING.

WHEN the ſun's beams have warm'd the air,
Our youth to ſome cool brook repair;
In whoſe refreſhing ſtreams they play,
To the laſt remnant of the day.

RULE *of* LIFE.

Think ere you ſpeak; for words once flown.
Once utter'd, are no more your own.

BASE-BALL

THE *ball* once ſtruck off,
Away flies the boy
To the next deſtin'd poſt,
And then home with joy.

MORAL.

Thus *Britons*, for lucre
Fly over the main;
But, with pleaſure tranſported,
Return back again.

TRAP-

TRAP-BALL.

TOUCH lightly the *trap*,
And ſtrike low the *ball;*
Let none catch you out,
And you'll beat them all.

MORAL.

Learn hence, my dear boy,
To avoid ev'ry ſnare,
Contriv'd to involve you
In ſorrow and care.

Tip-Cat.

THE *gameſter* here his art diſplays,
And drives the cat a thouſand ways;
For, ſhould he miſs when once 'tis toſs'd,
He's out—And all his ſport is loſt.

Rule *of* Life.

Debates and quarrels always ſhun;
No one by peace was e'er undone.

FIVES.

WITH what great force the little ball
Rebounds, when ſtruck againſt the wall!
See how intent each gameſter ſtands;
Mark well his eyes, his feet, his hands!

RULE *of* LIFE.

Know this (which is enough to know)
Virtue is happineſs below.

LEAP-FROG.

THIS ſtoops down his head,
Whilſt that ſprings up high:
But then you will find,
He'll ſtoop by-and-by.

MORAL.

Juſt ſo 'tis at court;
To-day you're in place,
To-morrow perhaps,
You're quite in diſgrace.

BIRDS-

BIRDS-NESTING.

HERE two naughty boys,
Hard-hearted in jeſt,
Deprive a poor bird
Of her young and her neſt.

MORAL.

Thus men out of joke
(Be't ſpoke to their ſhame)
Too often make free
With others good name.

TRAIN-BANDING.

THE *ſerjeant hero* here appears,
Strutting before his *grenadiers;*
And leads his mighty valiant men,
Firſt up the hill, then down again.

RULE *of* LIFE.

Judge not between two friends, but ſee,
If you can bring them to agree.

All

All the BIRDS *in the* AIR.

HERE various boys ſtand round
the room,
Each does ſome favorite bird aſſume;
And if the *ſlave* once hits his name,
He's then made free and crowns the
game.

RULE *of* LIFE.

Live well, and then die ſoon or late,
For ever happy is your ſtate.

HOP-

TRAIN-BANDING.

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Firſt up the hill, then down again.

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For ever happy is your ſtate.

HOP-

Hop-Hat.

O'ER this *hat* and that,
Boys hop to the laſt;
Which once in their mouths,
Behind them is caſt.

Moral.

Thus men often ſtruggle,
Some bliſs to obtain;
Which once in their pow'r,
They treat with diſdain.

SHOOTING.

THO' ſome *birds*, too heedleſs,
Dread no danger nigh;
Yet ſtill by the *fowlers*
They inſtantly die.

MORAL.

From hence we may learn
That by one thoughtleſs trip
Strange accidents happen
'Twixt the cup and the lip.

Hop-Scotch.

FIRST make with chalk an oblong
fquare,
With wide partitions here and there;
Then to the firſt a *tile* convey;
Hop in—then kick the *tile* away.

Rule *of* Life.

Strive with good ſenſe to ſtock your
mind,
And to that ſenſe be virtue join'd.

Who

Who will play at my SQUARES.

THIS well-invented *game* deſign'd
To ſtrike the *eye* and form the *mind*
And he moſt doubtleſs aims aright,
Who joins *inſtruction* with *delight.*

RULE *of* LIFE.

So live with men, as if God's eye,
Did into every action pry.

RIDING.

IN queſt of his game,
The *ſportſman* rides on;
But falls off his horſe
Before he has done.

MORAL.

Thus youth without thought,
Their amours purſue;
Tho' an age of pain
Does often accrue.

GReat A, B, and C,

And tumble down D,

The cat's a blind buff,

And cannot ſee.

a, b, c, d.

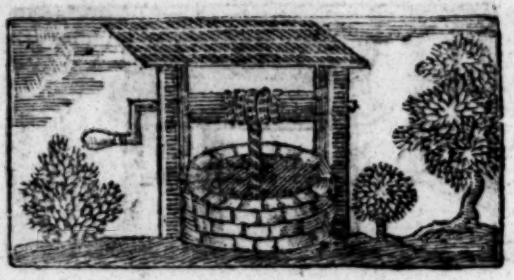
GReat E, F, and G,
Come here follow me,
And we'll jump over
The Roſemary Tree.

e, f, g.

Here 's

HEre's great H, and I,
With the Chriſtmas-pye:
Who will eat the plums out?
I, H, and I,

h, i.



HEre's great K, and L,
Pray Dame can you tell,
Who put the pig-hog
Down into the well!

k, l.

HEre's great M, and N,
Are come back again,
To bring the good boy
A fine Golden Pen.

m, n.

So great O, and P,

Pray what do you ſee?

A naughty boy whipt,

But this is not me.

O, p.

Here's

HEre's great Q, and R,
Are both come from far,
To bring good news,
About the *French* war.

q, r.

So S, T, and U,

Pray how do you do?

We thank you—the better

For ſeeing of you.

ſ, t, u.

Here's

HEre's great W, and X,
Good friends do not vex,
All things will do well,
Dear W and X.

W, X.

THere's great Y, and Z,
On a horfe that is mad:
If you fall down, farewel
Poor great Y and Z.

y, z.

FABLE

FABLE I.

The WOLF *and the* KID.

AS the Goat went to brouze,
Thus her charge did begin;
Be advis'd, my dear *Kid*,
And let nobody in.
The *Wolf* hearing this
For admittance did try,
But the *Kid* anſwer'd, No;
I'll not truſt you, not I.

To Maſter Tommy, *or Miſs* Polly.

YOU ſee, my dear, the little Kid, by taking her parent's advice, preſerved her own life; for had ſhe been ſo wicked as to have neglected what the *Goat* (her mother) ſaid to her and had opened the door, the *Wolf* would certainly have torn her to pieces. Take care, therefore, to do always as your papa and mamma, or your maſter and miſtreſs ſhall direct you, and you will oblige,

Your old friend,

JACK *the* GIANT-KILLER.

FABLE II.

The HUSBANDMAN *and the* STORK.

A *Stork*, thro' misfortune,
Trepann'd by a *Crane*,
Was pleading his good deeds,
But pleaded in vain.
The *Crane* is a villain
The *Farmer* replies,
And he that's his comrade
Moſt certainly dies.

To Master Tommy, *or Miss* Polly.

YOU see, my dear, the sad effects of keeping bad company; if the poor harmless *Stork* had not been in company with the wicked *Crane*, he might probably have lived till this day; therefore of all things take care what sort of chilnred you play wit', for those that are wicked will make you so too; and nothing will more displease

Your sincere friend,

JACK *the* GIANT-KILLER.

FABLE III.

The SHEPHERD'S BOY.

A Wanton young *Shepherd*,
Tho' no danger near,
Cries out to his neighbours,
Whe *Wolf*, Sirs, is here.
They come, and are laugh'd at;
Soon he roars out again,
Now the *Wolf*'s here indeed;
But his cries are in vain.

To Maſter Tommy, *or Miſs* Polly.

THIS boy's fate, my dear, is a remarkable inſtance of the folly and wickedneſs of telling lies; if he had not deceived the people before, they would have believed him, and ran to his aſſiſtance, by which means both he and his ſheep might have been ſaved, which are now torn to pieces; I hope you will remember, this, my dear, and reſolve in yourſelf never to tell a lie; for if you do, I ſhall be very angry.

I am,

Your hearty friend,

JACK *the* GIANT-KILLER

FABL

FABLE IV.

MERCURY *and the* WOODMAN.

A *Woodman*, at work,
Dropp'd his axe in a pond,
And in ſorrow and tears,
His diſaſter bemoan'd.
Merc'ry brings one all gold,
And cries, friend, is this thine?
No, ſir, (ſays the Woodman)
Mine was not ſo fine.
Then he ſhew'd him the right,
Oh! that's mine by my troth:
Thou art honeſt, ſays *Merc'ry*,
So, friend, take them both.

To Maſter Tommy, *or Miſs* Polly.

BY this you may ſee, my dear, that *Honeſty is the beſt Policy;* had *Mercury* found the Woodman a rogue, he would not have given him any thing; but as he was an honeſt man, he not only gave him his own Axe, but a golden one alſo. Conſider, my dear, it is a fine thing to have a *Golden Axe*, and at the ſame time the love and eſteem of all the world beſide, and that you will certainly have if your are ſtrictly honeſt.

I am,

Your affectionate friend,

JACK *the* GIANT-KILLER.

A POETICAL

A

POETICAL DESCRIPTION

OF THE

FOUR SEASONS.

I. SPRING.

THE bloom of youth upon his cheek is ſeen,
And where he treads freſh flowers deck the green;

His

His fragrant breath perfumes the
ev'ning ſkies,
And turn'd to him the *Sylvan* ſtrains
ariſe;
A pointed jav'lin in his hand he
bears,
And on his head a golden helmet
wears.
For then begins the ſtern *Belona*'s
rage,
And hoſtile realms in bloody wars
engage:
His calm approach revives the
peaceful plains,
But leads on death where diſcord
holds its reign.

II. SUMMER.

IN ſilken garb array'd, of cheerful green,
Was Sportive *Summer* next advancing ſeen;
A gilded quiver at his ſhoulder hung,
And in his hand he trail'd a bow unbent along.

His tawny brow with faded flowers was crown'd,
And ſtudied with thick drops of ſweat around.
And if fatigu'd with the laborious chace,
Or faint with heat on fultry *Tytan*'s rays:
He moving ſlow, invok'd the friendly air,
And ſought the cooling ſtreams to quench his burning there.

III. AUTUMN.

AUTUMN ſucceeds in flaming yellow clad,
With fulneſs ſmiling and with plenty glad.
Laden with ſunny fruits of ev'ry kind,
He dar'd the clod that waited cloſe behind.
A wreath of ripen'd corn his temples bound,
Enrich'd with leaves and cluſt'ring grapes around.

An harveſt crook employed his better hand,
To reap the grain and eaſe the burden'd land.

IV. WIN-

IV. WINTER.

WINTER was laſt, in woolly robes array'd,
And bent with feeble age his hoary head;
Shrunk in himſelf he wrapt his garments cloſe,
And inly trembled as the tempeſt roſe
His length of beard and deep indented brow,
Were whiten'd o'er with an eternal ſnow.

Prone

Prone to the earth his bending back inclin'd,
And almoſt froze, he ſhiver'd in the wind;
Propp'd on a ſtaff he ſlowly mov'd along:
And round him loud inſulting *Boreas* rung.

TIME'S ADDRESS *to* PLUTUS *and* CUPID.

By Way of Application.

'TIS I who meaſure vital ſpace,
And deal out years to human race,
Tho' little priz'd and ſeldom ſought,
With me love and gold are nought;
By me all uſeful arts are gain'd,
Wealth, learning, wiſdom, is attain'd.

So ſubtle and ſo ſwift I fly,
Love's not more fugitive than I.
How heedleſs then are mortals grown;
How little is their intereſt known;
In ev'ry view they ought to mind me,
For when once loſt they never find me.

THE END.

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